

# FRANKENSTEIN

FEB.-MAR. 1954  
No. 29

PRIZE  
GROUP

10¢



DICK  
BRIEFER



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



JUNIOR SPACE PILOTS  
ON THE BEAM!

**GIVEN!**

BOYS! GIRLS!  
LADIES!  
MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

MAIL  
COUPON

Football,  
Pocket  
Watches,  
etc.

Fishing Outfits  
Flashlights  
1000 Shot  
Daisy Air Rifles

ACT  
NOW!

HURRY

WE ARE RELIABLE!

Cameras, Corn Peppers, Speedball  
Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware,  
Blankets (sent postage paid). Mail  
coupon for SALVE  
and pictures to start.

ACT  
NOW

BE  
FIRST

Food Chap-  
pers, Carving  
Sets, Bibles.  
Mail coupon.

LOOK!

Football, Tele-  
scopes (sent postage  
paid). Boys', Girls' Bi-  
cycles (express  
chgs. collect).

ACT  
NOW!

ACT NOW

Ukeleles,  
Watches,  
Lovable  
Dolls.

Radios,  
Candid Cameras with carry-  
ing cases, Telescopes, Roller  
Skates (sent postage paid)  
Mail coupon to start.

WE TRUST  
YOU!

LET'S  
GO!

22 Cal.  
Rifles, Arch-  
ery Sets, School  
Boxes, Wallets.

Mail coupon for  
SALVE and  
pictures  
to start.

Boys',  
Girls' Wrist  
Watches,  
Baking Sets,  
Typewriters,  
etc.

ACT NOW!

Lucite  
Dresser  
Sets, Cook  
Books, etc.

SAY! THAT CAMERA  
SURE IS SUPERSONIC!  
YOU MUST HAVE  
STRUCK A  
URANIUM LODGE!

DIDN'T COST  
ME A DIME-  
JUST GOT IT FOR  
SELLING WHITE  
CLOVERINE  
BRAND  
SALVE!

HURRY!  
AN' GET  
DE-PRES-  
SURIZED!

JUMPIN'  
JUPITER!  
YOU'RE SURE  
SIZZLING TH'  
OL' ROCKET  
TODAY, TED!

I'M IN A HURRY TO GET  
BACK TO OUR EARTH BASE,  
PENNY, THE MAIL MAN'S BRING-  
ING MY NEW CAMERA!

I'VE EARNED A SWELL RADIO  
AND A TELESCOPE TOO!  
IT'S EASY SELLING TO  
YOUR FRIENDS - AND YOU  
GIVE 'EM THESE SWELL ART  
PICTURES -

THAT'S  
FOR ME!

OUTTA MY JET TRAIL, MATES - I'M MAILING  
THE COUPON FOR THAT BIG NEW  
PREMIUM CATALOG NOW!



OUR 58<sup>th</sup> YEAR

Alarm Clocks,  
Pen & Pencil  
Sets, etc.  
Mail  
coupon.

MAIL COUPON!  
GET BIG CATALOG!

Candid Cameras with carrying case,  
Telescopes, Watches (sent postage  
paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures with  
White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE  
easily sold to friends, neigh-  
bors, relatives at 35c a box  
(with picture). Alarm Clocks, Pen  
& Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Tele-  
scopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware,  
Record Players, Movie Machines.  
(postage pd.). Rush cou-  
pon to start!

LET'S  
GO!

Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping

WE  
TRUST YOU!

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. F-146 Tyrone, Pa. Date.....  
Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pic-  
tures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to  
sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked  
within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commis-  
sion as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent  
with order, postage paid to start.

NAME ..... AGE .....

ST. .... R. D. .... BOX .....

TOWN ..... ZONE NO. .... STATE .....

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

OUR 58<sup>th</sup> YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL



# ENTRANCED!

## THE EYES OF THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

ARE FILLED WITH BEAUTY...  
THE REFLECTED BEAUTY OF  
A HUMAN BEING-- A WOMAN  
WHO UNFORTUNATELY  
CROSSED THE PATH OF  
THE BEAST...

Dick  
BRIEFER

EVERY DAY FOR SOME TIME NOW, THE  
FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER HAS A RENDEZ-  
VOUS. HIDING IN THE DEEP GRASS, HE  
WAITS... WAITS FOR A VISION TO PASS...

...IT IS A SECRET, SOLO RENDEZVOUS, FOR  
THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO PASSES BEFORE  
HIS EYES EVERY DAY, DOES NOT KNOW  
SHE IS BEING OBSERVED.





THE MONSTER IS INTRIGUED BY THIS BEAUTIFUL HUMAN BEING. SHE IS DIFFERENT... ALTHOUGH SHE IS HUMAN, HE DOES NOT HATE HER ... NO, HE LOVES HER!



BUT SHE IS WITH THE LITTLE BOY ALL THE TIME. WHO IS HE? ONE DAY THE MONSTER FOLLOWS THEM...



...AND AFTER A LONG WALK, THEY RETURN TO THEIR HOUSE...



ALONE IN THE HILLS, THE MONSTER CAN THINK OF NOTHING BUT THIS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. HE MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT...



...AND HE DOES! UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS HE GOES TO HER HOUSE. THE LIGHTS ARE ON...



THE DOOR IS UNLOCKED. HE LETS HIMSELF IN...



BUT THE WOMAN IS NOT ALONE. THE LITTLE BOY IS THERE, AND ANOTHER MAN, AND THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE LITTLE BOY.









AT LAST... THE MONSTER IS ALONE WITH THE WOMAN HE HAS BEEN WATCHING FOR WEEKS!

YOU... YOU ARE THE...  
FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!  
WH-WHAT ARE Y-YOU  
GOING TO DO?



AND THE DOCTOR, HURRYING TO THE HOSPITAL,  
PAUSES SOME DISTANCE AWAY TO TELL THE  
POLICE THE TROUBLE...

SPEAK SLOWLY  
SO WE CAN  
UNDERSTAND  
YOU, DOCTOR!

...AT MRS. BORGIO'S HOUSE...  
A GIANT... A MONSTER... I  
THINK IT IS THE FRANKENSTEIN  
MONSTER... GO... DO SOME-  
THING TO SAVE HER!



BUT AT THE HOUSE...

THE HOUSE IS EMPTY! NO  
ONE IS HERE... AND NO  
SIGN OF A STRUGGLE! DO  
YOU THINK THE OLD DOCTOR  
WAS IMAGINING  
THINGS?



YES, THE HOUSE IS EMPTY!  
THE MONSTER HAS THE  
WOMAN IN HIS ARMS AND  
IS FLEEING TO THE HILLS!



NOT TOO FAR FROM THE TOWN  
IS AN OLD CEMETERY...



AND IT IS IN THIS CEMETERY THAT THE MONSTER  
HAS FOUND A NEW HIDE-OUT!



...A HIDE-OUT FOR HIMSELF... BUT NOW A HIDE-  
OUT FOR THE TWO OF THEM... HIMSELF, AND  
THE WOMAN WHO HAS HIM ENTRANCED!





KILL ME NOW IF YOU ARE GOING TO. AT LEAST I OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL THAT YOU SPARED MY SON'S LIFE. HE HARDLY REMEMBERS HIS FATHER WHO WAS KILLED IN THE WAR, HE'LL HAVE LITTLE MORE TO REMEMBER OF HIS MOTHER...



BUT THERE IS NO BITTER, ANGRY LOOK ON THE MONSTER'S FACE AS HE LOOKS AT THE WOMAN. THIS IS NOT THE EXPRESSION OF ONE ABOUT TO KILL...



HE LEAVES HER, LOCKING THE DOOR TO THE VAULT SO SHE CAN'T ESCAPE...



AND RETURNS LATER WITH FOOD AND DRINK...



...AND LITTLE TRINKETS OF BROKEN COLORED GLASS AND STRANGE SHAPED STONES...



GIFTS OF AFFECTION. BUT WHEN THE MONSTER TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS, SHE FAINTS AWAY!



AND TWO DAYS PASS, IN THE HOSPITAL, THE BOY IS RECOVERING FROM THE OPERATION...

...BUT I WANT TO SEE MY MOTHER. I HAVEN'T SEEN HER FOR A LONG TIME. WHY DOESN'T SHE COME TO SEE ME?

QUIET, NOW! YOUR MOTHER WILL BE HERE TO SEE YOU SOON!





WHAT IS BEING DONE ABOUT FINDING MRS. BORG? WHAT ABOUT THE MONSTER? IT IS THREE DAYS NOW, AND THERE IS NO PROGRESS!

THE POLICE HAVE BEEN SEARCHING, DOCTOR, BUT HAVE FOUND NOTHING AS YET!

IT IS DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE YOUR STORY OF A GIANT... A MONSTER... KIDNAPPING HER! ARE YOU SURE SHE HASN'T JUST GONE AWAY?

FOOLS! SIT THERE AND DO NOTHING! MUST I BE A DETECTIVE AND FIND HER MYSELF? GOOD-BAY!



PERHAPS IF I SEARCH HER HOUSE I CAN FIND SOME CLUE AS TO WHAT HAPPENED AFTER I LEFT... IN WHICH DIRECTION THEY WENT...

WORN OUT, NERVES SHATTERED, THE WOMAN RESIGNS HERSELF TO DEATH...

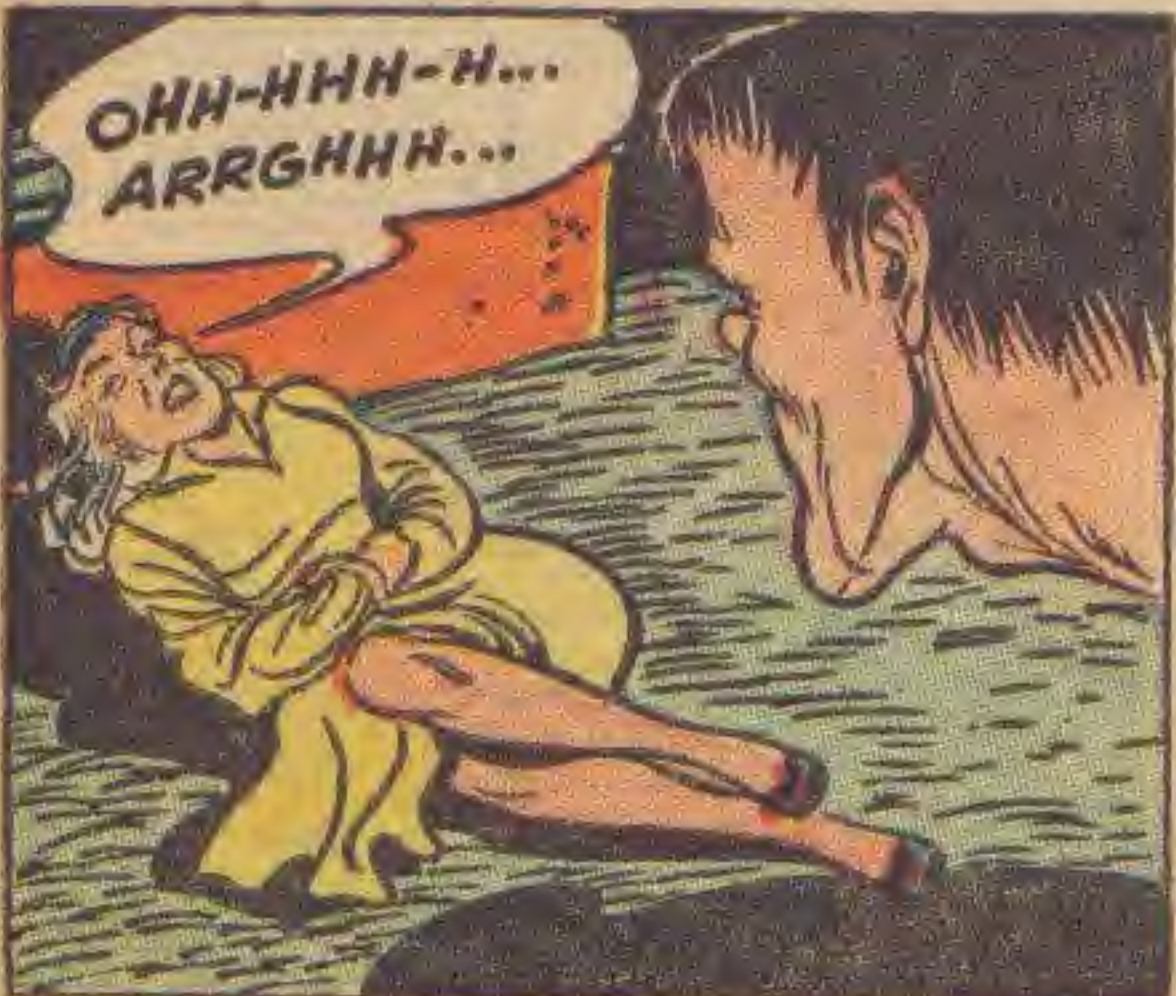
W-WHY DOESN'T HE KILL ME INSTEAD OF LETTING ME LIVE LIKE THIS? IF ONLY HE WOULD HATE ME INSTEAD OF...

...INSTEAD OF WHAT? DOES HE LOVE ME? YES! HE DOESN'T WANT ME TO DIE! PERHAPS... IF HE THOUGHT I WERE DYING...



AS THE MONSTER WATCHES, A STRANGE THING HAPPENS TO THE WOMAN! SHE SCREAMS AND CLUTCHES HER MIDDLE... SHE SEEMS OVERCOME WITH PAIN...

ONLY A FEW DAYS BEFORE, HE SAW THE SAME THING HAPPEN TO HER LITTLE BOY, AND HE WAS TAKEN AWAY TO BE SAVED! IS THE SAME THING HAPPENING TO HER? IS SHE GOING TO DIE AND LEAVE HIM? THE MONSTER IS ALARMED!





THE MONSTER GOES OUT OF THE TOMB... LOCKING THE DOOR...



HIS BRAIN HAS GRASPED THE MEANING OF THIS! HE MUST GET THE DOCTOR TO HELP THE WOMAN!



BUT WHERE IS THE DOCTOR? HE ONLY REMEMBERS HIM AT HER HOUSE THAT NIGHT HE KIDNAPPED HER! HE GOES DIRECTLY THERE...



AND FINDS HIM THERE!

YOU! WH-WHERE IS SHE? WHAT... HAVE YOU DONE WITH HER?



THE MONSTER LEADS THE DOCTOR TO HIS CAR, AND THEN WITH POINTED DIRECTIONS, THE DOCTOR ARRIVES AT THE CEMETERY!



OHHH...  
OHHH-N...

MRS. BORGIO, MY DEAR! THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE ALIVE... BUT WHAT IS WRONG? WHAT HAS HE DONE TO YOU?



OHHH! (NOTHING YET... BUT THIS MADE HIM GET YOU! NOW GET ME OUT OF HERE QUICKLY... IF YOU CAN!)  
OOHH-H... I'M DYING...  
THE PAIN... THE PAIN...  
OHHH-NH!

I MUST GET HER TO THE HOSPITAL AT ONCE!





THE MONSTER STANDS ASIDE TO ALLOW THE DOCTOR TO LEAD THE WOMAN TO THE CAR! THIS IS STRANGE, HE THINKS... IF SHE WAS IN SO MUCH PAIN, HOW COULD SHE WALK...



BUT ONCE OUTSIDE THE TOMB, THE TWO ABANDON ALL CAUTION AND RACE TOWARD THE DOCTOR'S CAR! THEN, THE MONSTER REALIZES HE'S BEEN TRICKED!



HE ALMOST REACHES THE CAR AS IT PULLS AWAY WITH A LEAPING START...



ENRAGED, HE KNOWS ONE THING HE CAN DO TO TAKE REVENGE! HE RUNS ACROSS A FIELD, AND DOWN A HILL...



HERE IS THE ROAD THE CAR MUST TRAVEL ON, AND HIS SHORT-CUT HAS ENABLED THE MONSTER TO ARRIVE THERE BEFORE IT!



AND AS THE CAR SLOWS FOR THE TURN AND IS ABREAST OF HIM, THE MONSTER EXERTS ALL HIS STRENGTH IN A MIGHTY HEAVE...



THE CAR AND ITS OCCUPANTS GO OFF THE ROAD, WITH SICKENING, METALLIC CRUNCHES, HUMAN SCREAMS, AND THEN... A BURST OF FLAMES!





THE MONSTER WATCHES THE FLAMES/ONCE AGAIN HE HAS HAD REVENGE UPON HIS HUMAN BEING ENEMIES...



...BUT THE IMAGE OF THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN PERISHES IN HIS FEEBLE MIND/IN THE BLAZE, HER FACE SEEMS TO STAND OUT, PLEADING FOR HELP...



THEN THE BEAST RUSHES TO THE WRECK/IS HE TOO LATE?



IN THE CITY HOSPITAL, ALL IS QUIET AT THIS HOUR IN THE NIGHT/ THE LIGHTS ARE DIMMED, AND AN ATTENDANT SITS READING THE NEWSPAPER...



SUDDENLY...



AS THE MONSTER GENTLY PLACES THE TWO VICTIMS ON THE FLOOR, THE ATTENDANT RINGS FOR HELP...



HURRY... SEND EVERY AVAILABLE MAN... IT'S THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!

T-THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER! LOOK WHAT HE DID TO MRS. BORGIO AND DR. COSTIA!

THEY'RE ALIVE! GET THEM UPSTAIRS! RING THE ALARM FOR THE POLICE! HURRY!





OUTSIDE, SOME POLICE OFFICERS ARRIVE! EVEN WITH DRAWN GUNS THEY TREMBLE AT THE SIGHT OF THIS FEROCIOUS GIANT...



IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE HE IS AWAY FROM THE TOWN AND HEADING FOR THE SAFETY OF THE HILLS AND WOODS...



HE GOES INTO THE TOMB AND PICKS SOMETHING UP FROM THE GROUND... PICKS IT UP THOUGHTFULLY AND TENDERLY...



BLAZING GUNS AND STINGING BULLETS ONLY INFURIATE THE MONSTER AS HE FLAILS INTO THE MEN...



HE PASSES THE GRAVEYARD... PASSES THE TOMB WHERE HE HELD CAPTIVE THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN! SUDDENLY HE STOPS... HE SEEMS TO REMEMBER SOMETHING...



...AND WITH ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN'S SHOES AS A MEMENTO OF THIS STRANGE LOVE, HE WALKS OFF... A LONELY FIGURE... TO REAPPEAR NO ONE KNOWS WHERE OR WHEN!



THE END



## WHILE THEY LAST!

## 10 Unusual Stamps Showing Evil Dictator

**ALL DIFFERENT! GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO OBTAIN**

**M**AIL coupon at once. We'll send you this complete, fascinating set of 10 Hitler Stamps. All different. Getting scarcer all the time. Yet they are yours **FREE**—while they last—to secure names for our mailing list.

These valuable stamps come from four different countries, including short-lived nation of Bohemia-Moravia, Germany, Russia-Ukraine, and Russia-Ostland. All sought after. Supply limited, so don't ask for more than one collection.

**FREE Advice on Stamp Collecting**

In addition to the **FREE** Hitler Stamps, we'll also include other interesting offers for your inspection — **PLUS** a **FREE** copy of our helpful, informative "How To Collect Stamps." Prepared for us by the famous Philatelic Institute of Cambridge, it describes the lure of stamp collecting, how and where to get stamps, the honor code of the stamp collector, adventuring with postage stamps, etc.

"How To Collect Stamps" also contains expert advice on watermark varieties and other apparent duplicates; how to enjoy and profit by duplicates; how to use stamp hinges. It is illustrated with how-to pictures and contains clear, step-by-step instructions that can be of great value to you in your stamp collecting.

## MAIL COUPON NOW

Be among the first to have this valuable set of Hitler Stamps. Your friends will envy you for it and want to buy the set from you. It will become one of the most prized sets of any stamp collection. But you must hurry if you want to get the 10 Hitler Stamps FREE. This special offer may have to be withdrawn soon. Rush coupon NOW with 10¢ to help cover postage and handling. If coupon has already been clipped, send 10¢ DIRECT to:

LITTLETON STAMP COMPANY  
Dept. EC-2, Littleton, New Hampshire

LITTLETON STAMP CO.,  
DEPT. EC-2 LITTLETON, N. M.

Send-AT NO COST TO ME-the ten Hitler stamps and the helpful informative "How To Collect Stamps," I enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Also  
Free

## How To COLLECT STAMPS



# URANIUM

Logan Harcorst was a young man in a hurry. At 25 he was assistant cashier in one of the largest banks in Seattle. But he got restless for faster advancement and decided that if he had enough money to buy a big block of bank stock, he could force his rise to the presidency.



He started speculating in wheat futures on the Seattle and Vancouver, Canada grain exchanges. And he took quite a beating. He also took bank money to speculate with, then more, in an effort to make good his losses. Bank examiners were due in a few days and Harcorst faced disgrace and imprisonment for embezzlement.

It was then he decided that suicide was the best way out. That night, after hours, he phoned his wife from the bank, telling her he was detained on business. He took a gun from his desk drawer and turned on the radio good and loud to deaden the sound of the shot.

He put the barrel of the automatic to his temple, but just as he was about to pull the trigger a loud voice interrupted the radio music to announce that a large deposit of uranium had been discovered in Saskatchewan Province of Canada, which was about to be thrown open to public claiming.

Slowly Logan Harcorst put the gun in his pocket as a faraway look came into his cold, gray eyes. Why not? WHY NOT? He would disappear, go to Saskatchewan, hunt for uranium and if he made a strike, he would return, pay off the bank, buy up enough stock to control and realize his dream of becoming president.

Harcorst left immediately for Saskatchewan. He let his beard grow and joined the frenzied throngs of fortune hunters. He had dropped a line to his wife telling her to tell the bank he'd be back in a month or so with lots of money and not to worry.

The southern part of Saskatchewan is dull, treeless prairie, great wheat land, the mere sight of which reminded Harcorst of the cause of all his trouble and gave him the jitters, but north of the North Saskatchewan River, the land became

rocky and wild, typical mining country.

When Harcorst arrived at Beaver Lodge Lake, he turned lone wolf again, bought a prospector's outfit, and struck out for himself. Three weeks of tramping brought him scant success. And at dusk one day, he was desperate and blue, when he came to the mouth of a cave. He took his flashlight off his belt and peered into the darkness. A terrific gust of wind pushed against his chest as his eyes beheld what looked like uranium ore within the cave. He stepped forward and the next moment as he flashed his light on the walls of the cave he began to fall down, down into space. But his descent was so slow that he marveled until he realized that a terrific wind coming up from the bottom of the cave actually cushioned his fall to a leaf-like velocity.

Finally, he settled gently on his feet in the bed of a river about three feet deep, where his flashlight revealed blind fish swimming back and forth. Suddenly, he saw a gang of white dwarfs rushing toward him with clutching fingers, but as soon as the light from his flashlight hit their eyes they recoiled in pain and begged him to give his orders to them, his slaves. Blocks of the purest uranium were scattered all about. The supply seemed inexhaustible. And here was free, slave labor to mine it to the surface.

In a flash, Logan Harcorst realized that he would soon be rich beyond his wildest dreams. Making his gang of slaves travel through the north woods only at night, Harcorst finally got to the Pacific coast with his fortune. One night he loaded his uranium on a stolen sailing vessel, stowed his slaves on board, and set sail for Puget Sound and Seattle.

He was determined to make a grand entrance. When the bank found out how rich he was and what power he had over his slaves, all would be forgiven he was sure. Late one night he dropped anchor a few miles from the mouth of Puget Sound. He commanded two of his slaves to row him ashore. There he phoned the largest newspaper in Seattle the sensational news and asked them to prepare the proper reception.

Then he returned to his ship and sailed NE for Seattle. But on the night of his arrival, nature had other plans. The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed and one bolt hit the uranium ship. And the police are still looking for Logan Harcorst and his slaves of the flashlight.



A comic book panel showing a man in a suit standing and pointing at a man in a suit sitting in a chair. A speech bubble from the standing man says "BUT YOU WILL!". The scene is set in a room with a bookshelf in the background.







WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE...IF IT WORKS, I'M ON EASY STREET...



...IF IT DOESN'T, WELL, I WOULD HAVE ENDED UP IN THE SAME PLACE ANYWAY! I'D BE A THREE TIME LOSER.. AND I NEVER FOUND ANY EASIER WAY OF GETTING MONEY... BESIDES TAKING IT!



AN HOUR LATER...  
I'M ON MY WAY!



THE CITY FELT THE STING OF A SERIES OF PETTY THEFTS!

HAND IT OVER! EVERYTHING IN THE REGISTER AND THE STUFF YOU'VE PACKED AWAY UNDER THE COUNTER!

PLEASE, I'M A POOR MAN!



AND...



AND...

NEVER MIND THE CHEAP STUFF! JUST THE GOLD AND DIAMONDS AND HURRY IT UP!



UNTIL THE BUSINESSMEN PROTESTED...

HE'S AS CALLOUS AS THEY COME!

IT'S AN OUTRAGE!

HE TOOK MY LIFE SAVINGS!



GENTLEMEN...WE IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT ARE AS SERIOUS ABOUT CATCHING THIS THIEF AS YOU ARE! MEN ARE AT WORK ON IT 24 HOURS A DAY! AND WE ASSURE YOU THAT HE WILL BE APPREHENDED!



AND THEY MEANT IT!

THE FINGERPRINTS CHECK! THIS GUY JIM LEES, HE'S BEEN UP TWICE, ROBBERY AND ASSAULT WITH INTENT TO KILL! WHEN WE GET HIM, HE'LL BE WASHED UP!



WELL FOR A GUY WITH SO MUCH AT STAKE, HE'S BEEN PRETTY BRAZEN ABOUT IT! BUT PUT OUT THE WANTED POSTERS AND ALERT ALL BANKS! HE'S GETTING MORE AMBITIOUS EVERY DAY!



THEY WERE RIGHT! THE NEXT DAY LEES WAS CASING THE LOCAL BANK!



I'D SWEAR IT'S HIM, OR ELSE IT'S HIS TWIN BROTHER!



I TELL YOU IT WAS LEES... RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE BANK, TOO!

OKAY, YOU CAN GO ON ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS! I'LL GO DOWN THERE AND CHECK!



BUT LEES SAW THE COP COMING...

THAT CIVIC MINDED CITIZEN MUST HAVE SPOTTED ME!



AND LEISURELY WALKED AWAY!

HEY, YOU, MISTER, STOP! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!



STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!







CATCH ME IF YOU CAN, COPPER!



BUT LEES COULDN'T BE STOPPED... NOT EVEN BY BULLETS!



LEES ESCAPED WITH EASE!  
HE'S ACTING SO SURE OF HIMSELF, COMING OUT INTO THE OPEN LIKE THAT! I BET HE'LL BE BACK... SOON!  
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR EYES EXAMINED! YOU MISSED HIM EVERY TIME!



THE NEXT DAY!

DON'T BOTHER GIVING THE ALARM, BOYS! I'LL JUST TAKE ALL THE MONEY IN THE TILL!



BUT ONE MAN DID MANAGE TO GIVE AN ALARM!

OKAY LEES, THE GAME IS UP... THROW DOWN YOUR GUN!



SAVE YOUR VOCAL CORDS! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE FAST!

RAT-A-TAT TAT



WHAT HAVE WE GOT! GUNS FULL OF BLANKS?

HE'S HEADING FOR THAT CAR! HE'LL MAKE A CLEAN GETAWAY!



NOW YOU KNOW COPPERS, YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME!



THE FOLLOWING DAY WHEN LEES STOPPED TO FILL HIS GAS TANK...

UP WITH YOUR HANDS! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! THERE'S A BIG FAT REWARD IN IT FOR ME!

DON'T BE A FOOL, I'D SHOOT YOU AS WELL AS NOT! AND THEN WHAT WILL YOU GET OUT OF IT?



I DON'T BELIEVE ALL THOSE STORIES... YOU'RE HUMAN LIKE THE REST OF US!

YOU ASKED FOR IT!



FOR CRYING OUT LOUD... HE HIT ME!



I BETTER GET TO CARSON CITY FAST AND TAKE A REFRESHER COURSE! OLD MAN STONE DIDN'T KNOW HOW LONG THE STUFF WOULD LAST, BUT THAT GARAGE WAS A CLOSE CALL! I DIDN'T BLEED, BUT THOSE BULLETS STUNG LIKE CRAZY!



AS SOON AS HE REACHED TOWN, HE HOLED UP IN A ROOMING HOUSE AND MADE THE ROUNDS OF THE STORES AGAIN!

IT'S STARTING TO GET RISKY, BUT WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO HAVE OLD STONE SEE ME NOW!



WELL THAT'S DONE... I CASED THE BANK COMING INTO TOWN! IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE AN EASY TAKE! THE WAY I OPERATE NOW, I'LL BE IN AND OUT OF THIS BURG IN HALF AN HOUR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER!



OKAY FOLKS, I GUESS YOU KNOW WHO I AM! SO JUST SHOVEL IT INTO THE BAG LIKE GOOD PEOPLE AND NOBODY WILL BE HURT!

IT'S THAT MAN THEY CAN'T KILL!





OKAY LEES, WE WERE WARNED! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE KILLED THAT GAS ATTENDANT! YOU'RE COMPLETELY SURROUNDED! WE'LL DROP YOU DEAD!

YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!



ONCE AGAIN LEES BROKE THROUGH THE RING OF GUNS KILLING AS HE WENT... BUT THIS TIME, AS HE DASHED OUT OF THE BANK...



THE NEW BARRAGE OF BULLETS STAGGERS HIM!



THE IMPACT OF THE BULLETS AGAINST HIM, THOUGH FAILING TO PENETRATE HIS BODY, HURLS LEES AGAINST THE CONCRETE WALL...



WHERE ONE OF THE STEEL JACKETED BULLETS RICOCHETS OFF THE WALL AND INTO HIS EAR...

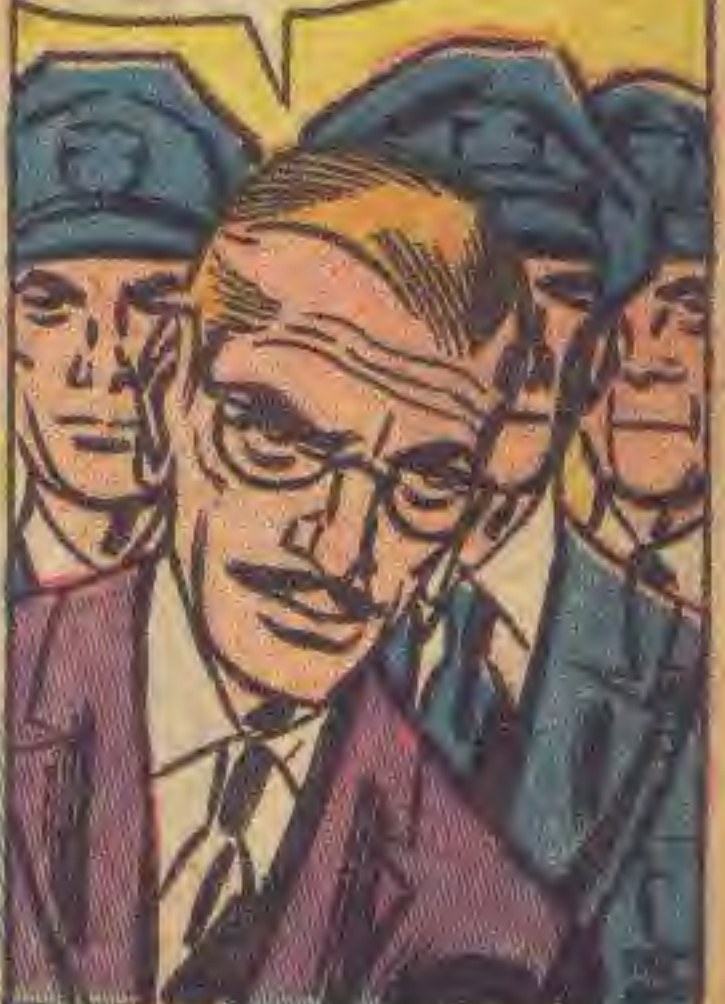


LATER AT THE CITY MORGUE...

ABSOLUTELY FANTASTIC! HIS WHOLE BODY IS COVERED WITH SOME SORT OF LIQUID SOLUTION WHICH APPARENTLY LOSES POTENCY AFTER A TIME INTERVAL! I DON'T BELIEVE IT CAN BE ANALYZED!



BUT YOU KNOW, YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE GOTTEN HIM, IF HE WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED HIS EARS!





**MEDICAL  
DOCTOR says:**

**"FAT MEN & WOMEN**

**who are normally overweight, will be amazed to discover this safe, pleasant, scientific way to lose ugly fat and get a slimmer, more attractive figure."**

# CHEW IMPROVED FORMULA KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM REDUCE

**UP TO 5 lbs. A WEEK**  
**With Dr. PHILLIPS REDUCING PLAN**

It's really FUN to REDUCE with KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM! This amazing, pleasant-tasting chewing gum way to reduce helps you lose ugly fat and take off weight without hardships. It's the scientific, safe way to lose up to 5 lbs. a week. Best of all, with Dr. Phillips KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM REDUCING PLAN, you eat 3 tasty, well-balanced meals every day, and only when you are tempted to take a fattening snack, you chew KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM instead, which contains only 3 calories in each delicious piece. KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM is wonderful because it pleases your sweet-teeth, yet helps to keep you on Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan, which helps you lose ugly fat and reduce weight.

**LOSE 10 - 20 - 30 LBS.**

Men and women everywhere are losing as much weight as they wish since they discovered this amazing, scientific way to reduce. You can take off 10-20-30 lbs. and still eat 3 tasty, well-balanced meals every day. It's really FUN to REDUCE with the Dr. Phillips KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM REDUCING PLAN. Why even think of any other way to reduce when you can lose pounds and inches and have fun doing it. Don't just wish for a slimmer more attractive figure! You can easily reduce to a beautiful, slim, glamorous figure, which will give you poise, win new friends, romance and popularity. Don't deny yourself what you've been wishing for . . . send for your 25 day supply of Improved Formula KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan this very minute. 100% guaranteed!

You must lose weight . . . up to 5 lbs. a week . . . or YOU DON'T PAY ONE PENNY. Your friends . . . your mirror . . . and your scale must tell you that you have lost ugly fat and excess weight, on your money back. What can you lose but unwanted pounds and inches, so send the coupon right away.

12 Day  
Supply  
Only

**\$1**

**Money-Back Guarantee! 10 Day Free Trial!**

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GOOD FOR MEN, TOO**

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# GHOST PILOT

Ward Templeton stole my girl, and up until a week ago I hated his guts. But now, I dunno.

Ward and I grew up with Nancy, the ash-blond witch, who made music when she walked and tom-toms out of our heartbeats. To Nancy's intense amusement, Ward and I used to flip a coin to determine who should have the privilege of carrying her books and walking her home from school.



Sometimes, I felt that I was her favorite and at other times that Ward had the inside track. The uncertainty of her choice was just about driving me nuts. But neither Ward nor I could make Nancy make up her mind. "Why should I narrow myself down to one sweetheart when I can have two?" said Nancy. And there was a twinkle in her eye and a sparkle in her laugh.

When Ward and I left for the same college, I said to him on the train, "Nancy'll probably wind up marrying some other guy and leave us both out in the cold."

"Not a chance," said Ward. "She's secretly engaged to me. Haven't you guessed?" And he shouted with laughter and slapped me on the back so hard that I gasped for breath.

"That's not what she told me between kisses last night," I said. And I still had hope until Ward and I came home for the Christmas holidays. He hadn't been home more than three days when he got a greeting from his Uncle Sam. Ward went into training with the Air Force and I went into an emotional tail spin, because, instead of the coast being clear now for me, a complete change came over Nancy. Maybe she felt sorry for Ward. Maybe the glamor of the uniform did it. Anyway, she herself told me as she kissed me for the last time. "I'm terribly sorry to hurt you like this, Tommy, but I'm going to marry Ward. If it hadn't been him it would have been you, but, since Ward is risking his life for his country, the least I can do now is to be faithful to him and wait for him to come back to me."

"Risking his life, he was drafted, wasn't he?"

I said like a rotten sport. And then to impress her I didn't go back to college, but enlisted.

I don't know just what it was. Maybe my reflexes were slow, maybe I was too tense with jealousy and hate. Anyway, I didn't qualify for an airplane and wound up with a helicopter. By this time, Ward was a jet ace in Korea. And the local papers were full of hero stuff and Nancy was walking on air. Then one day came the sad news. Ward was missing in action over North Korea.

I had mixed emotions about this tragic news. If Ward were dead, then maybe in time Nancy might marry me. Nancy was inconsolable. And the suspense of not knowing whether Ward was still alive or not was unbearable. "Promise me," she said, "that when you get to Korea, you'll do your utmost to find out, Tommy, and let me know at once."

I promised. And when I arrived at the front, I was glad to be able to tell Nancy that I was flying a S-55 helicopter in the Marine Corps, setting down rocket batteries at advanced posts, which would give me a better chance of contacting Ward if he were still alive.

But one night as I was picking up a battery to set it down in a new position, enemy flak began to burst around me and I was hit. The blood was flowing from my shoulder and I was about to black out when I heard a rustling sound and the ghost of Ward Templeton took over the controls.

"How did you ever learn to fly a helicopter?" I asked.

And Ward said, "In the spirit world, Tommy, we know everything." And then he brought me safely back behind our own lines. I was unconscious for many days, lost my right arm, and was in the hospital for quite a while. As soon as I could and as best as I could with my left hand, I wrote Nancy that Ward was really dead and all about my near escape from death and how I was saved by the ghost of Ward Templeton.

But before I could hear from her, I was invalided home. It's good to be back and better to be a one-armed man than no man at all. But what I can't understand is how Ward Templeton got back before I did and married Nancy? I saw his ghost as plain as day or was I wish-dreaming?



HARPER - LET ME GO! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! I PUT THREE SLUGS INTO YOU! YOU'RE DEAD! LET ME GO!

# CLINGING CORPSE



THE STORY WILL NEVER BE COMPLETE, BUT THIS MUCH WE KNOW! IT MUST HAVE BEGUN IN THE SHACK OVER-LOOKING THE MUD FLATS NEAR A LARGE EASTERN CITY!

BRADY!



WE KNOW THAT THE CARICATURE WHICH WAS KENNETH BRADLEY MUST HAVE STOOD FACING DETECTIVE INSPECTOR DAVID HARPER--

KENNETH BRADLEY! YES! WHEN I LOOK AT YOU CLOSELY-- YOU ARE BRADLEY! BUT--THIS IS INSANE! YOU DIED!

DIED? A MAN'S SOUL CAN DIE WHILE HIS BODY LIVES ON, HARPER, AS MINE DID TWENTY YEARS AGO WHEN YOU SENT ME TO PRISON! NO, I DIDN'T DIE! MY BODY STILL LIVES. AN MY HATE!







YOUR BODY...BUT YOUR BODY WAS FOUND, A YEAR AGO! JUST AFTER YOU WERE RELEASED!

THEY FOUND A BODY, HARPER, NOT MINE! THEY FOUND A TRAMP! A MAN I FOUND DYING IN ONE OF THE HOBO JUNGLES I'VE LIVED IN EVER SINCE I GOT OUT OF PRISON!



THE PRISON YOU SENT ME TO! WHERE I SWORE SOME DAY YOU'D PAY! WHERE I HATED YOU! TWENTY LONG YEARS! TWENTY YEARS I'VE WAITED, HARPER! AND NOW YOU'LL PAY! AND I WON'T! NOT AGAIN!



I'M DEAD! AND DEAD MEN CAN'T KILL! THIS TIME I'LL GET AWAY WITH IT! THIS TIME THERE WON'T BE ANY DETECTIVE DAVE HARPER TO BREAK MY ALIBI! I WON'T EVEN NEED AN ALIBI!

WON'T YOU! YOU'RE A FOOL, BRADLEY! TWENTY YEARS AGO YOU KILLED A MAN AND I PROVED IT! YOU GOT OFF EASY! BUT A SECOND MURDER WILL PUT YOU IN THE CHAIR!



NO! I'VE HAD A LOT OF TIME, HARPER, TO THINK! A LIFE-TIME! THIS TIME I'LL KILL AND I WON'T BE CAUGHT! BECAUSE TO TRY A MAN FOR MURDER, YOU HAVE TO PROVE THERE'S BEEN A MURDER!



LOOK OUT THERE, INSPECTOR! AT THE MUD FLATS! THE TIDE IS OUT! IF I CARRIED YOUR BODY ACROSS THE FLATS TO THE WATER AND DROPPED IT... THE MUD WOULD BURY YOU! YOU'D NEVER BE FOUND!

NO CORPSE... NO MURDER, EH? BUT YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING! A DOZEN PEOPLE AT HEADQUARTERS KNOW I CAME TO THIS SHACK! THEY KNOW I GOT A CALL!



FROM SOMEONE WHO HAD SOMETHING TO TELL YOU! BUT NOT FROM ME! I'M DEAD! I'VE THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING, HARPER! SO... BEG! GO ON! BEG FOR YOUR LIFE!



BEG, HARPER! BUT IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD! I'VE NURSED MY HATE TOO LONG! TWENTY YEARS! TWENTY YEARS.. JUST FOR THIS MOMENT!



ONLY THE HOWLING WIND HEARD! ONLY THE HALF HIDDEN STARS SAW THE KILLER LEAVE THAT COLD PLACE OF DEATH WITH HIS GRISLY BURDEN...



WHO KNOWS WHAT THOUGHTS PULSED IN BRADLEY'S BRAIN AS HE CROSSED THE QUAKING MUCK! PERHAPS HE LAUGHED... SECURE IN HIS CLEVERNESS!



DEAD MEN CAN'T KILL! THEY DIDN'T TEACH YOU THAT, DID THEY, HARPER? THEY DIDN'T TEACH YOU AT THE POLICE COLLEGE THAT A MAN CAN DIE AND STILL KILL THE MAN HE HATES!

JUST A LITTLE FURTHER, HARPER! I'M NOT AS YOUNG AS I WAS! BUT I'LL MAKE IT! JUST A LITTLE WAY AND I'LL BE RID OF YOU! FOREVER!



NOW! NOW WE SAY GOOD-BYE! IN A FEW MINUTES THE TIDE WILL START IN! THE MUD WILL COVER YOU! GO! GO TO YOUR GRAVE!



WHO KNOWS WHAT KENNETH BRADLEY THOUGHT? THERE WAS NO ONE TO SEE A PANTING, GASPING KILLER BEND TO DROP HIS BURDEN... AND THEN TURN WHITER THAN THE SNOW ABOUT HIM!

CURSE YOU! LET GO!



LET GO! DEVIL! LET GO!



BUT THOSE ARMS WERE BANDS OF STEEL THAT COULD NOT BE DISLODGED! NOT EVEN BY A MAN SUDDENLY HALF MAD WITH TERROR! THEN...





NO USE! IN THIS WEATHER...RIGOR MORTIS...HE'S... FROZEN! I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK... BUILD A FIRE...



A HALF SOBBING, HALF INSANE MAN MUST HAVE TURNED BACK, WITH DEATH RIDING ON HIS BACK LIKE THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA!

COLD... IT'S SO... COLD! BUT I'LL... MAKE IT! WON'T BE BEATEN! NOT NOW! NOT AGAIN! I...



THE TIDE! IT TURNED! BY NOW... I SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK ON THE BEACH!



THOSE LAST MOMENTS MUST HAVE BEEN TORTURE EVEN MORE HORRIBLE THAN THE TORTURE THAT KENNETH BRADLEY HAD ALREADY ENDURED THAT NIGHT! HOW MANY TIMES HE MUST HAVE STUMBLER, FALLEN, UNTIL...THE LAST TIME!



BUT WHAT HAPPENED THEN WE KNOW FOR A CERTAINTY! KENNETH BRADLEY TRIED TO RISE...AND COULDN'T! THE HORROR ON HIS BACK WAS TOO HEAVY FOR HIS TIRED, AGONIZED MUSCLES!



HARPER... PLEASE... PLEASE..

THEN... SILENCE! IN THE END IT MUST HAVE BEEN BRADLEY WHO BEGGED... IN VAIN...



THE END

BEGGED... AND DIED! BUT PERHAPS BEFORE HE DIED KENNETH BRADLEY REMEMBERED WORDS HE HAD SPOKEN ONLY A LITTLE WHILE BEFORE! DEAD MAN CAN'T KILL! PERHAPS HE KNEW THEN... THAT HE HAD BEEN WRONG!





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# DEATH *in* REFLECTION

I KILLED YOU ONCE, MY DARLING! NOW I HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN!

FLOYD ELLIS WAS A WRITER OF HISTORIC FICTION... AND OLD WEIRD "HAUNTED" PLACES INTRIGUED HIM. NEVER DID HE BELIEVE THAT BY PUTTING ON A COSTUME OF A MAN DEAD A HUNDRED YEARS THAT TIME AND FATE WOULD PLAY A GHASTLY TRICK ON HIM!



FLOYD ELLIS THOUGHT IT WAS A LUCKY DAY WHEN HE CAME ACROSS THE OLD ABANDONED CHAPEL NEXT TO AN ANCIENT GRAVEYARD...

HERE IS ONE PLACE THAT ISN'T ON ANY MAP OF THE DISTRICT AND NO ONE TOLD ME ABOUT...



FLOYD ELLIS DIDN'T EVEN IMAGINE THAT WHEN HE ENTERED THE GLOOM OF THE TOMB HE WOULD NEVER SEE DAYLIGHT AGAIN...

THIS ISN'T THE WEIRDEST LOOKING TOMB I'VE INVESTIGATED, BUT THE ODOR OF DEATH AND DECAY HERE MAKES UP FOR IT.





A COFFIN--A PICTURE OF SOME SORT  
HANGING ON THE WALL ABOVE IT...  
COVERED WITH DUST...



AND A FULL SIZE MIRROR OVER HERE,  
A PICTURE AND A MIRROR-- STRANGE  
THINGS TO FIND IN A TOMB.



MAYBE IF I GET THE DUST  
OFF THIS PICTURE I CAN  
SEE WHAT IT'S ALL  
ABOUT...



WELL, I'LL BE--UNLESS  
MY EYESIGHT  
DECEIVES ME IN  
THIS LIGHT, THIS IS  
ALMOST  
UNBELIEVABLE!



THAT MAN IN THE PICTURE--IS A  
**DEAD RINGER** FOR ME! OF  
COURSE HIS HAIR IS LONG--  
HIS CLOTHES ARE DIFFERENT!



THIS INSCRIPTION ON THE BRASS  
PLATE-- WHAT DOES IT SAY?



HE LOOKS LIKE ME -- EVEN THE NAME IS  
ALMOST LIKE MINE! AND THE DATES...  
HIS AGE... HE WAS THIRTY-TWO-- SO AM  
I -- AND I WAS BORN ON DECEMBER  
FOURTEENTH... EXACTLY ONE HUNDRED  
YEARS AFTER HIS BIRTHDAY...!



Portrait of **FLORIAN ELLISON**  
Born Dec. 14, 1821 Died June 3, 1855  
It was on this spot that **FLORIAN**  
**ELLISON** was stabbed to death by  
Lady Fantine, his jealous fiancée.



I DON'T THINK I'LL BE BOTHERING OLD FLORIAN ELLISON IF I PEEK INTO HIS COFFIN...



EMPTY!



THERE MAY BE A SIMPLE EXPLANATION FOR THIS, BUT IT GETS MORE INTRIGUING BY THE MINUTE... WHAT HAVE WE HERE?



CLOTHES! CLOTHES THAT FLORIAN ELLISON HIMSELF MIGHT HAVE WORN.



I LOOK LIKE FLORIAN -- PERHAPS HIS CLOTHES FIT ME. MAYBE IF I PUT THEM ON, I WILL BE ABLE TO **FEEL** LIKE HIM... SENSE THE AWFUL MOMENT WHEN HIS JEALOUS FIANCEE ATTACKED HIM WITH HER KNIFE...



I'M RIGHT! I CAN ALMOST **FEEL** LIKE HIM. PUT ON A FUNNY HAT AND YOU FEEL LIKE A COMEDIAN -- SMOKE A BIG CIGAR AND YOU FEEL LIKE AN EXECUTIVE! HIS CLOTHES SEEM TO TRANSPORT MY SENSES BACK IN TIME.



NOT A BAD LOOKING FIGURE AT THAT. TOO BAD I CAN'T WEAR CLOTHES LIKE THIS TODAY. PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE BEEN BORN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO...





I LOOK LIKE FLORIAN ELLISON-- AND I FEEL LIKE HIM TOO!



THEN... WHILE FLOYD ELLIS LOOKS AT HIM-- SELF IN THE MIRROR, ANOTHER FIGURE APPEARS IN THE REFLECTION...



A WOMAN--AN ANGRY, LEERING WOMAN! FLOYD WHIRLS AROUND.



... BUT IN THE ROOM BEHIND HIM IS NO SIGN OF THE WOMAN REFLECTED IN THE GLASS!



HE TURNS BACK TO FACE THE MIRROR! THERE SHE IS--A STEP CLOSER TO HIM!



FLORIAN! IT SEEMS SO LONG AGO-- WE WERE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED, AND THEN YOU SHATTERED MY HAPPINESS, MY LIFE-- DO YOU REMEMBER?



WHO-- WHO ARE YOU? WHY DO YOU CALL ME FLORIAN?

I AM FANTINE-- HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ME SO QUICKLY? HAVE YOU EVEN FORGOTTEN YOUR OWN NAME, FLORIAN ELLISON?





YES, FLORIAN DARLING, YOU HAVE SHATTERED MY LIFE, AND FOR THAT I CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO LIVE!



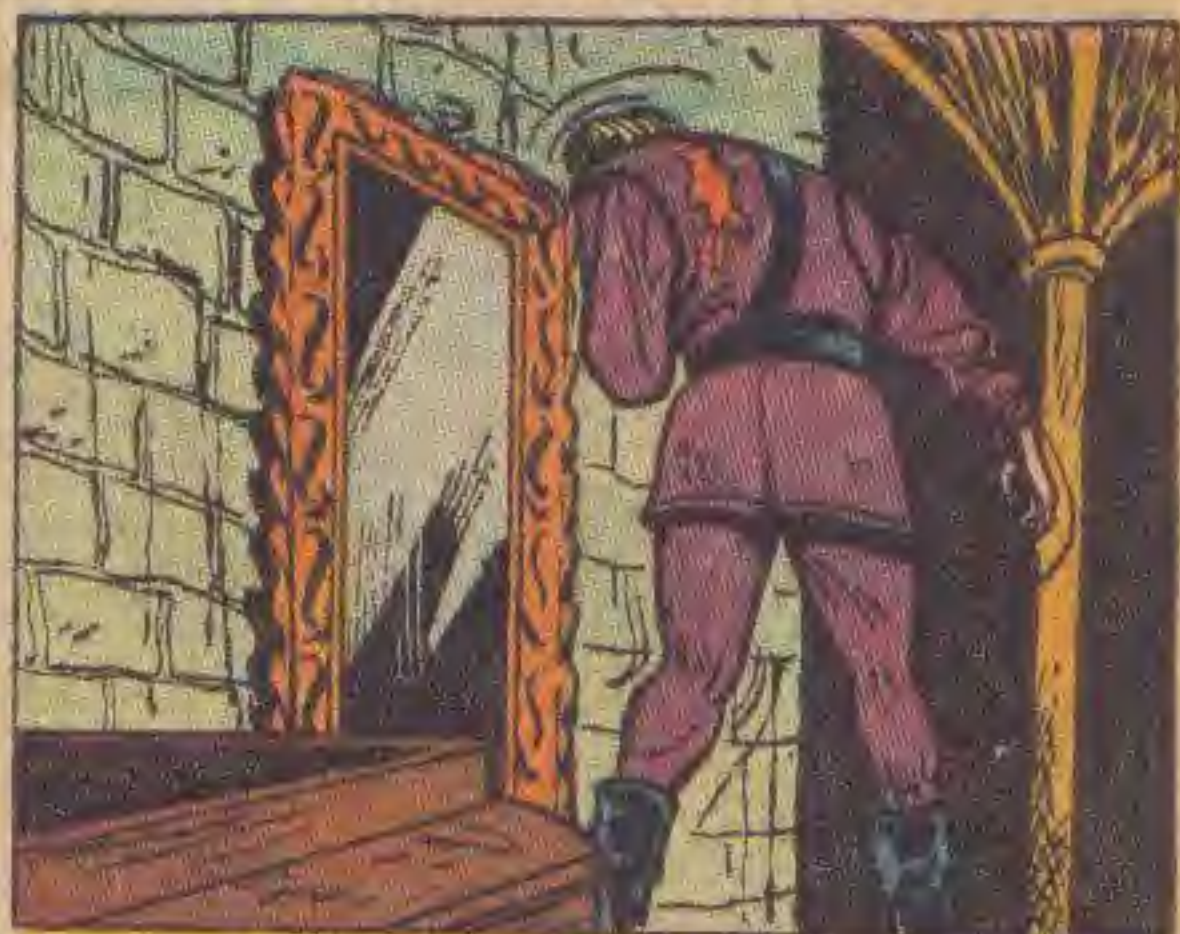
AM I OUT OF MY MIND?  
THERE IS NO ONE IN THIS  
ROOM--BUT THERE IS  
HER REFLECTION...



AND THEN... THE KNIFE IS THRUST!...



THE BLOOD RUNS FREELY FROM FLOYD ELLIS' WOUND... YET THERE IS NO KNIFE IN HIM. HE STAGGERS BACK--TOWARD THE CASKET BUILT TO HOLD THE BODY OF FLORIAN ELLISON, WHO DIED IN 1853...



HE BACKS INTO THE CASKET... HE FALLS OVER BACKWARD...



AND ONCE AGAIN THE COFFIN CONTAINS A CORPSE... THE CORPSE OF A MAN WHO STEPPED OUT OF TIME!

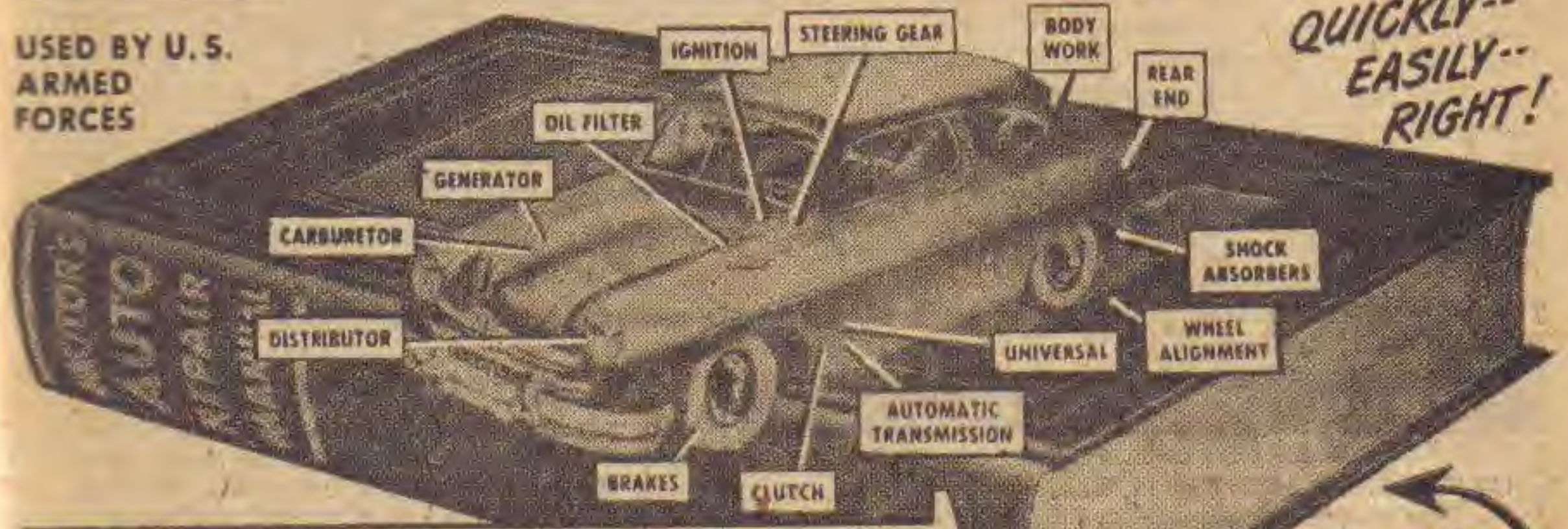


THE END



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Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized... many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

## You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at left, are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

**Mail Coupon—Find out what RADIO-TELEVISION Can Do for You**

Act Now! Send for **FREE DOUBLE OFFER**. Coupon entitles you to actual Servicing Lesson; shows how you learn at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 4BM3, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 39th Year.

**Good for Both—FREE**

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4BM3  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.  
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book,  
FREE. (No salesman will call. Please  
write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

**VETS** write in date  
of discharge.....

## Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Qualify for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience... work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

This Is Just Some of  
the Equipment My  
Students Build. All  
Parts Yours to Keep.

**The ABCs of  
SERVICING**

**How to Be a  
Success  
in RADIO-  
TELEVISION**



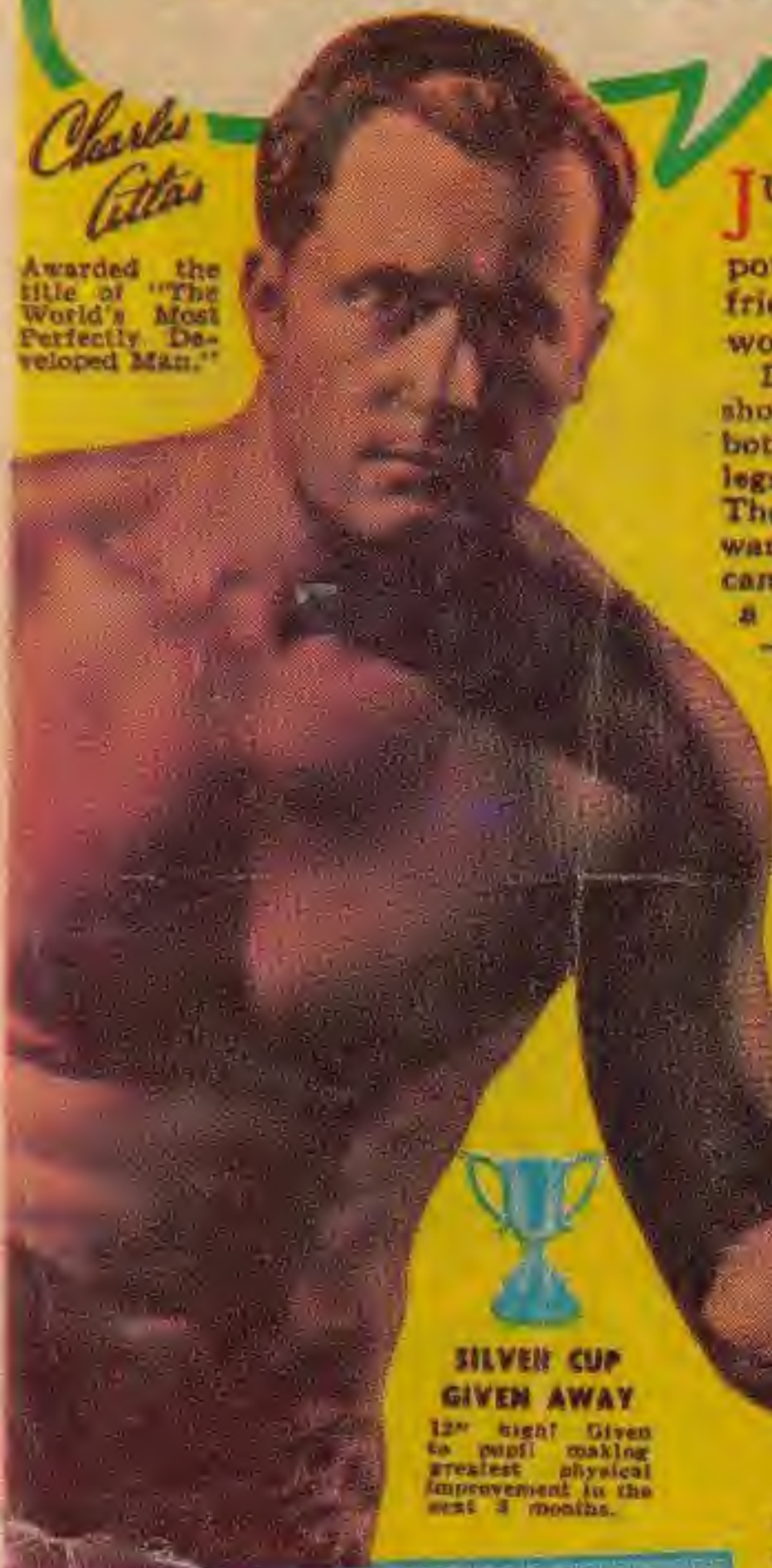
# Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



## SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

12" high. Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up

that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered

dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

### WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY** you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in con-

dition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

**FREE**

Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yes, I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 340-B, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**

## Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 12 lbs. and 4½ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Rory Ryan, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. L. New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

four courses I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—L. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Montana

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 340-B  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely **FREE** a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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(Please print & write plainly)

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

If under 14 years of age check here for booklet.